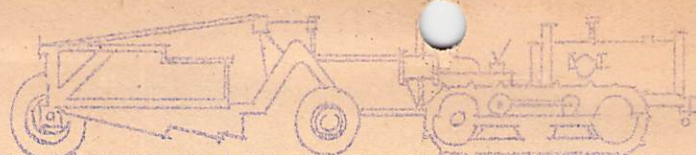


The



CARRYALL

Published Every Friday By The 76th Battalion, Detached Unit.

VOL. 1

26, November 1943

No. 30

LIFE AT CAMP PEARY NOT UNLIKE BRADFORD

"Hello Mates:

Having a gruesome time; wish I were there. Boy, this is the life - they tell you at the recruiting office. I'm what is generally known in the Navy as a "boot", and are we generally known? We stand out like Ubangi's fever blister, "boot" - that's an unsuccessful draft dodger without hair.

About the first thing they did to decivilianize us when we passed through the camp gates - that's the official station for abandoning all hope - was to cut our hair; I should say heads. The barbers here are blind machinist's mates with St. Vitus dance. You are gently hurled into a chair, the operator lays the clippers on your dome, gags you and asks questions. Whether you nod yes or no the effect is the same. Your once proud pate looks like a desert oasis. Then you wipe the blood off and leave. No charge. The whole procedure is financed by a local hair tonic company. When the guys are all in the barracks it looks like a table of unracked billiard balls.

The town here is divided into three parts. On side is the camp, the other two are a mortuary and an insane asylum. You get a thorough examination coming in and you go to one of the three places.

We're the Seabees, you know, C.B. - he's the only man who can walk up to a Marine, look him squarely in the eyes and say, "What kept you, Bud?"

They can always find something for us to do. The naval dictionary has no such word as leisure. But it's nice in the moonings. The CPO - that's a Sing Sing warden who's been discharged for cruelty - stamps in and screams, "Fall out, you guys." Then we regain consciousness, dress, wash, brush our teeth, shave and look for our hair. Then we go out and take a generous portion of calisthenics, then go to chow.

By that time it's light enough to see why meals are called chow. I think it refers only to the meat. They call it chow but it tastes more like poodle or Great Dane.

They give us time of our own at night. From 9:29 on you can do like you want to.....of course, the lights go out at 9:30.

We drill every day. Yesterday we had inspection, formal inspection. We took last place, our platoon. I can't understand it.

Everything went well until the Lieutenant (a something) snapped up to me and barked, "Inspection Arms!" I responded instantly, carefully rolling up both sleeves in cadence and showed him my new vaccination, adding very smartly, "It didn't take, Sir!"

He didn't say anything, just stood trembling, red in the face. I guess he was jealous of an apprentice seaman being so smart. Well, as a reward he immediately appointed me 'Captain of the Head'. There I was. In one week from seaman (jr. gr.) to court martial to captain of the head. The head is what the Tivoli calls the Gentlemen's Lounge.

(continued on page 4)

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DIVINE SERVICES

Every Sunday

CATHOLIC

0800 Cooper Chapel
1000 Menge Theater
(Confessions before each Mass)

PROTESTANT

0900 Menge Theater
1100 Cooper Chapel
1215 Bird Island

FAR HORIZONS

Every time I drove over Kolekole Pass, I was reminded of the fact that a man needs to go into the hills occasionally. From the top of a hill you can see so much farther, and you have that thrilling sense of power which comes from the hills that God hath made. You look out over the valley below, realizing that down there are numerous people, people who are near the end of their rope, people who are ill, people who are discouraged, people who mourn, and people who laugh and sing. As far as the eye can see, there is evidence of the work of God and man. On the far horizons, the purple hills meet the blue of the Pacific. Beauty and scope combine to lend you wings that lift you above the petty cares and worries of the work-a-day world.

In the transfiguration scene, Jesus sought the hills. He and His disciples were worn and tired after their hard, dusty work in the valley. The disciples were tense, nervous, quarrelsome; until Jesus suggested that they seek a quiet place to rest a while. (You and I might profit from that advice!) Up there on the hilltop Jesus found repose and strength, so that His face fairly shone. He even spoke with Moses and Elijah, both great DOERS. You may recall that the Sons of Thunder wanted to keep that mountain top view-----Peter even wanted to set up permanent quarters there. But Jesus knew that was impractical. When he had rested, He returned to the valley where there was much to be done. Jesus was not loafing up there on the mountain-----He was merely being charged with power. He was seeking and finding----- FAR HORIZONS.

Fellow-Christians, you and I might well take a leaf from our Master's Book.

Cecil C. Urch, 1st. Lt., A.T.F.
Chaplain and Recreation Officer.

WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY?

What did you do today, my friend,
From morn until the night,
How many times did you complain
The rationing is too tight?
When are you going to start to do
All the things you say?
A soldier wants to know, my friend,
What did you do today?

We met the enemy today
And took his town by storm,
Happy reading it will make
For you tomorrow morn.
You'll read with satisfaction
That brief communique.
We fought, but are you fighting?
What did you do today?

My gunner died in my arms today,
I feel his warm blood yet.
Your neighbor's boys gave out
A scream I can't forget.

On my right a tank was hit,
A flash and then a fire,
The stench of burning flesh
Still rises from that pyre!

What did you do today, my friend,
To help us with the task?
Did you work harder, longer, --
for less?

Or is that too much to ask?
What right have I to ask you this,
You probably will say.
Maybe now you'll understand,
You see, I died today.

(Written by a Lieutenant during
the battle for North Africa.

ONLY 29 DAYS UNTIL XMAS

I had the feeling all the time that the Fuehrer would come to me as a brother." - MUSSOLINI.

I had a feeling all the time that helped me mightily: It was that Angel Adolf would be watching over me.

I felt odd when they chuckled me in that ambulance so tight But had the feeling Adolf would look after me all right.

I felt suspicious when I was looked up in Rome anew - But little voices whispered, "He is looking after you."

When dragged away to Ponza I began to think it queer; But had a feeling that my friend the house painter was near.

When rushed to Maddalena, well, suspicious grew quite warm But Schickelgruber would, I knew, preserve me from all harm.

When farther off they switched me I might well have felt quite grim But thought, "That guy will save me For this looks too bad for him!"

OPA has warned coal dealers that they must not favor old customers over new ones this winter. This summer they warned feed dealers not to sell a token feed to any body who hadn't bought it in July 1942.

TATTOOING
DOME REASONABLE



DO YOU HAVE THIS IN THE SUMMER SIZE - FOR THE ARMY

FATHER OF SEVEN
OFF TO ARMY
IS WIFE GLAD?

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4. - (AP) - A draft registrant in Ponsett county, Arkansas, who brought his local draft board a letter proving he was married and the father of seven children, is probably still wondering what-goes-on-here. The letter, according to the War Relocation Authority, a selective service bulletin, sent him off promptly to the induction station. It read:

"Dear United States Army!" "My husband asked me to write a recommendation that he support his family. He cannot read, so don't tell him. Just take him. He ain't no good to me. He ain't done nothing but raise hell and drink lemonade - years ago, and I got to feed seven kids of his. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He's good on squirrels and eating. Take him and welcome. I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this, but just take him and send him as far as you can."

JOKES

GERMAN: "How come you have an admirer? You have no coasting, no navy, no empire."
SWISS: "Well, you in German have a minister of justice, haven't you?"
GIRLIES are like Japs - both creep up on you and it takes a Jank to get them down.

"What kind of a fellow is Twigg?" "Oh, he's the sort that leaves his car in front of the church and goes across the street to play pool."

"My Dad takes things apart to see why they don't go."
"So what?"
"You'd better go."

"When a Norfolk belle says she will go 50-50, she means she'll furnish the appetite if you'll furnish the food."

Hitler is said to be writing a book to be published posthumously - we can hardly wait.

Maybe someone can settle this argument for Jack and Wilburn Wicks. One of them says that it is possible to build a bridge from here to the Mainland. The other one says it cannot be done. (Oh boy! if there could only be one there now.)

QUESTION #1 before the house - Who do the boys at the laundry call "one hundred and fifty pounds of walking hell?" (Kon't blush Wiley.)

The volley ball court is really getting a workout in the evenings. Ditto for the handball court.

Scotty McDougall has a hard job to keep from using his head and feet to hit the ball with when he is playing volley ball. (He used to be a top flag t soccer player about a million years ago when he was a civilian in Scotland.)

Anyone wishing to run around the landing strip either before breakfast or after supper get in touch with Lt. Hutchins. It is rumored he is looking for a running partner. The course is roughly three and one half miles long and, just as a tip, we don't suggest it unless you really want to run. Ask Slim Wallace - he tried it.

"Yardbird" Yarbrough is the smiling papa of a seven and one half pound baby girl. "Yardbird" hails from North Carolina and we say that is pretty good for a Tar Heel.

JAP DOCTOR KILLS

THE WOUNDED

Evidence of the killing of wounded Japs by their medical officers before the retreat on Attu Island was contained in the diary of an American-educated Japanese physician. The diary was translated by a chaplain and brought to the States by a Seabee, William V. Shannon of Oak Park, Ill.

A few of the entries in the diary follow:

"Nervousness of our commanding officer is severe, and he said his last word to his officers and non-commissioned officers. Tomorrow he will die. He gave all his articles away. Nasty chap."

"Today we assembled in front of headquarters. The assault is to be carried out. All the patients in the hospital were made to commit suicide. Only thirty-three years of living and I am to die here. I have no regrets. I am grateful that I have kept the peace in my soul. Two hours ago I took care of all the patients with grenades."



(continued from page 1)

Out on the drill field, you always stand at attention - that's suspended rigor mortis. The only way you can get out of drill is to go to sick bay - that's where you report ill and have to die to prove it.

They feed you well here. We get, what the Navy calls vitamin pills - we always called them beans at home. Lunch is fun. Not eating so much as guessing what it is.

There was a fellow here who didn't respond so well to all this nice treatment. He developed a madness and spent hours raving and selling peanuts and popcorn at lectures. The officers held a conference to decide whether to put him in a straight jacket or make him an ensign.

The only difference between boots and prisoners is that the latter can be pardoned.

Every barrack has a master-at-arms. That's a stool pigeon with a gun. When he puts you on report you get either KP - that's a torture chamber with French fried potatoes - or a change in title to John Doe, D.O., (dishonorably discharged). That means you can't hold public office for the rest of your life. It's like being a Republican.

I'm just kidding fellows, it's a wonderful place here. (I will continue writing as soon as the ensign quits twisting my arms).

J.B. - "The C.B."

(The foregoing bit of humor was written by a Seabee in Camp Peary Virginia and was submitted to us by Eugene Washburn. Reprinted from the Amarillo Daily News, Amarillo, Tex.)